

DEATH KILLS ME
a sketch comedy idea by
Jonathan David Steinhoff, ©1.28.12

[**WALTER**, a teenager in his room, is sitting up in his bed, watching television. Walter's room is overflowing with obscure things and postings all connected with both resurrection of the dead mythology and that which might result in the resurrection of a dead person, instructions, for example. His cell phone rings, **WALTER** answers and begins talking with his girlfriend. In their conversation, we only hear his side.]

WALTER

Hi Mary! I was just gonna call you! Oh, sitting here. Yeah, a little. No, that does not mean I have a morbid fascination with dead people! You're always telling me that! What do you mean by everybody thinks so? Usually when someone says everybody thinks so it's like, three people think something and everyone else agrees. Well, whatever. I know! I can't raise dead people! Who did she say she wanted me to raise? I knew it, that's exactly who I thought she'd say! People have like, started telling me a dead person they want me to bring back, just 'cause I collect stuff like that.

[There is a knock at Walter's bedroom door.]

WALTER

Just a minute, I think my little brother's knocking on my door. [shouting towards the door] Yeah, what do you want? Is that you again, Lyle?

[**LYLE**, Walter's little brother, comes into Walter's bedroom, picks up some resurrection of the dead thing or another he finds lying on the floor, and sits on Walter's bed, fiddling with it.]

WALTER

Who said you could come in? Can't you see I'm on the phone? [into the phone] Wait a minute, I have to get rid of my little brother, Lyle. [to **LYLE**] Hey Lyle, get out of here! And stop playing with that thing, it won't work anymore if you keep playing with it.

LYLE

What's it for?

WALTER

I need it for [putting his hand carefully over the mouthpiece and lowering his voice], I need it for resurrecting the dead.

LYLE

Can I have it?

WALTER

Only if you get out of here.

[**LYLE** darts out of the room with it before Walter can change his mind.]

WALTER

So anyway, yeah, everyone keeps giving me the name of a dead person they want me to resurrect. You're like, the only person who hasn't. Yeah, I do write it down. You know, just in case, like if someday I can raise dead people or something, so I won't forget what everyone wanted me to do. Okay, yeah, that would be great! But first I have to watch a show that's coming up, I wait for this show all week. "Dramatizations of Elvis Sitings After His Death". The title doesn't tell you what it's about? Ha-ha! Yeah, and at the end of the dramatization, the actual person who experienced the Elvis siting looks right into the camera, and says that they themselves actually had the preceding supernatural experience. No, let me watch it first, I can come over afterward. It is so important, it's helping me figure something out. I'm not gonna tell you, you'll laugh at me.

[Suddenly **LYLE** starts pounding on the door and shouting.]

LYLE

Hey, you better come see what happened! Hey Walter!

WALTER

What is it now?

LYLE

I think I resurrected someone from the dead with that thing you gave me! Oh my God! You better come see! He's in my room!

WALTER

For real? You better not be kidding me! Hey, are you going to answer me?

LYLE

Yeah, I brought back your dead brain!

WALTER

You better stop bothering me! I'm never giving you anything!

LYLE

You almost believed me!

WALTER

[**WALTER** resumes talking into the phone] So where was I? No, you will not guess what I'm trying to figure out when I'm watching that show. You will not. Okay, good guess. You would too? That is amazing, I thought I was the only one who wanted to resurrect Elvis! It's like, everyone's forgotten about Elvis but us! Oh wait, I gotta go, my show's coming on. Uh huh. Yeah, I'll be over as soon as the show's over.

LYLE

[through the door] Oh no, Count Dracula, I thought you were dead!

WALTER

That's it, Lyle! I am going to kill you!

LYLE

Nevermind, took care of it, got rid of Dracula, sorry to bother you. I'm going!

[**WALTER** shakes his head at the door and focuses his attention on the TV.]

THE END